

O. S. A. SONG BOOK



Olds, Alberta

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NATIONAL SONGS

1

GOD SAVE THE KING

God Save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2

RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first at Heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter, the charter of the land:
And guardian angels sang this strain:
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves."

3

O CANADA!

O, Canada! our home, our native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command,
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada, we stand on
guard for thee.

Chorus:

O Canada! O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

THE MAPLE LEAF

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
 Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came
 And planted firm Britannia's flag on
 Canada's fair domain.
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
 And join in love together—
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
 The Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
 The Maple Leaf forever,
 God save our King and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf Forever.

5

LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons, enfants de la patrie, le jour de
 gloire est arrive;
 Contre nous de la tyrannie, l'étendard sang-
 lant est leve,
 L'étendard sanglant est leve;
 Entendez-vous dans les campagnes mugir
 les ferores soldats?
 Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras egorger
 vos fils, vos compagnes.
 Aux armes, Citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons! Marchons!
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons.



COLLEGE SONGS

6

IN THE FIELD BY THE HIGHWAY

Tune: Bells of St. Mary's

In the field by the highway, the woods for
a crown,
The mother of housewives and farmers looks
down;
When Spring brings to life her wide west-
ern domain,
Her children forsake her till fall comes
again.

Chorus

The halls of our College are calling, are cal-
ling,
Our own Alma Mater she calls o'er the
plain;
The summer's departed, the snowflakes are
falling,
Come back to me, your O.S.A., come back
again.
The grounds by the roadside with laughter
resound,
Old friends and tried comrades are throng-
ing around,
The sons of the mother their life's span will
dream
Of fellowship found and of friends we
esteem.

F.D.B.

7

WORK! WORK!! WORK!!!

Work, work, work, Oh! Aggies, work all the
time;
Stay home nights and study, work is divine.
Let not love estrange you,
Kind eyes may derange you,
Don't try to shine;
Father's paying the money, work all the
time.

R. L. P.

3

THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The more we get together, together, together,
 together,

The more we get together

The happier we'll be.

For your friends are my friends,

And my friends are your friends.

The more we get together

The happier we'll be.

THE PROF. SONG

Here's to the Principal come to pay

A visit to the O.S.A.;

The staff all love him and so they say

He's the mightiest man in the O.S.A.

Here's to the Wise Man of Herbs in the
 field,

Who knows about tillage and seeding and
 yield;

He tells us of seeds so hermetically sealed

That there's no germination until they've
 been peeled.

Here's to the Prof. of Bellow and Squeal

Who cares for the livestock in woe or
 weal;

Their inward afflictions so well does he feel

He must live on alfalfa and linseed meal.

Here's to the Prof. of the Poultry Plant,

Who teaches the hens to lay that can't;

Or if under surplus fat they pant

"Why bleed 'em and stick 'em," says this
 savant.

Here's to that most economical Prof.,

Tells Labor and Capital where they get
 off;

If any rash youngster's so bold as to scoff

He'll sure get a marginal dose from this
 Prof.

Here's to the Prof. of the Engineers,

His head is a set of selective gears;

He knows what to do when a knock appears,

And where you will go if a staybolt
shears.

Here's to the Wizard of Chemistry,
Who'll blow us to heaven with T.N.T.;
And that's what he's for, it well may be,
We'd never get there if it weren't for he.

10

FORWARD, AGRICULTURE!

Tune: John Brown's Body

We're proud of what our College is; proud
to speak its name,

Proud to sing its praises, proud to share its
fame,

We're here to make a showing, and we're
here to play the game,

As we go marching on.

Forward! Forward! Agriculture.

Labour now but for the future,

Forward! Forward! Agriculture,

We must go marching on.

Call us country bumpkins, yokels, anything
you wish,

It's cultivating pumpkins that supplies your
favored dish.

There's science hoeing 'taters, and there's
science cooking fish,

So we go marching on.

Hoeing rows and culling chickens,

Cooking meals from all the pickings,

Working, working like the Dickens,

As we go marching on.

Chemistry and Physics bring us teardrops
to the eyes,

But as with drawing microbes they're a
blessing in disguise,

They are a beastly nuisance but they're not
to be despised,

As we go marching on.

Beetles bugs and pedagogy,

No wonder all our brains are foggy;

The thought will make you feel quite
groggy,

But just keep marching on.

THE BELLS OF THE COLLEGE

Tune: Bells of St. Mary's

The bells of this College at sweet eventide,
Or morning or noon you can hear far and
wide;

They call you to work and they call you to
play,

And also to three good meals three times a
day.

Chorus:

The Bells of this College, oh hear they are
calling

The Juniors, the Seniors, to come from
their play;

Some day, dear companion, when shadows
are falling,

No more shall they ring out, ring out for
you and me.

When the gray morning dawns on this Col-
lege so fair,

The rising bell sounds like a knell in the air,
And ere some have finished their scant
morning meals,

The bells call to classrooms, oh! hear how
they peal.

At the still of the evening while some
sweetly sleep,

And others still work, or they fight or they
eat,

The 10:30 bell tells them all to beware;
For peace-loving seniors are round every-
where.

—Thelma R. Weir.

THE VOICE IN THE OLD VILLAGE
CHOIR

I hear a voice so sweetly and low,
The voice in the old village choir,
It sings to me of long ago,
The voice in the old village choir.

In dreams I drift thru the twilight haze,
Home to the scene of my childhood days,
To hear again when lights are low,
The voice in the old village choir.

13

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus

Home, home on the Range—
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh, give me a land where the bright dia-
mond sand

Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding
along,

Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Oh, air is so pure, the zephyrs, so free;
The breezes so balmy and bright,
That I would not exchange my home on the
range

For all of the cities so bright.

14

ALOHA OE!

(Farewell to Thee)

Proudly sweeps the rainbow o'er the cliff,
Borne softly by the western gale;
While the song of lovers' parting grief
Sadly echoes amid the flow'ring vale.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee!
The winds will carry back my sad refrain.
One fond embrace before good-bye,
Farewell until we meet again.

MARY OF ARGYLE

I have heard the mavis singing
 His love song to the morn;
 I have seen the dewdrop clinging
 To the rose just newly born;
 But a sweeter song has cheer'd me,
 At the evening's gentle close;
 And I've seen an eye, still brighter
 Than the dew-drop on the rose;
 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
 And thine artless winning smile
 That made this world an Eden,
 Bonny Mary of Argyle!

16

LONG, LONG AGO

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
 Long, long ago, long, long ago;
 Sing me the songs I delighted to hear
 Long, long ago, long ago.

Now you have come all my grief is removed,
 Let me forget that so long you have roved;
 Let me believe that you love as you loved
 Long, long ago, long ago.

17

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with
 you;
 Let me hear you whisper that you love me
 too;
 Keep the love-light glowing in your eyes so
 true;
 Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with
 you;

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with Thine Eyes
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup
 And I'll not ask for wine;
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And send'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows and smells I swear
 Not of itself, but thee.

REUBEN AND RACHEL

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking what a
 queer world this would be,
 Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking what a
 queer world this would be.
 If the men were all transported far beyond
 the northern sea.
 If the girls were all transported far beyond
 the northern sea.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking life
 would be so easy then;
 Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking life
 would be so easy then;
 What a lovely world this would be if
 there were no tiresome men.
 What a lovely world this would be if
 you'd leave it to the men.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking if we
 went beyond the seas

Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking if we
went beyond the seas
All the men would follow after like a
swarm of bumble bees.
All the girls would follow after like a
swarm of honey bees.

20

ALMA MATER

Tune: Sweet Annie Lisle

In the prairie's arms enfolded,
Caressed by rain and dew,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Mother kind and true.

Chorus:

Raise the chorus loud,
And louder let her praises be,
Hail to our Alma Mater,
Hail to O. S. A.

Stately midst the snows of winter
And the summer heat,
Lives she ever in the fancy
When her children meet.

Chorus:

When we leave her kind embraces,
And her rule so free,
May we still uphold her honor
And her liberty.

Final Chorus:

Raise the chorus loud,
And louder let her praises be,
Hail to thee our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail to thee.

HAIL ALBERTA

Tune: Melody in F.

Hail Alberta
 Fairest and free.
 Queen of the West,
 Thy children are we.
 Loud ring thy praises;
 Our guardian be;
 Our Alma Mater, thee.

Pride of the Prairies,
 Loyal we stand.
 Voices united
 Ring o'er the land.
 Faith, love and loyalty,
 These are our due;
 To thee we'll e'er be true.

Cheer for our colors,
 The gold and brown.
 Emblems of power
 And fairest renown.
 With thee as leader
 Ne'er shall we fail;
 Hail! Alberta, Hail!

22

STYLE

They say that Alberta she ain't got no style,
 She's style all the while, style all the while;
 They say that Alberta she ain't got no style,
 She's style all the while, all the while.

POPULAR SONGS

23

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain
Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain
Breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eyes' splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell.

Nita! Juanita!
Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita! Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart.

24

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton's braes are bonny, where early
fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie gave me
her promise true,
Gave me her promise true, which ne'er for-
got will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me
doon and dee.

25

I LOVE A LASSIE

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
She's as pure as the lily in the dell;
She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,
Mary, ma Scotch bluebell.

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie
braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch
Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont
tae gae
By the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond.

Chorus:

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, an I'll tak' the
low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye,
But me and my true love well never meet
again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo-
mond.

IT'S NICE TO GET UP IN THE MORNIN'

O it's nice to get up in the mornin',
When the sun begins to shine,
At four or five or six o'clock,
In the good old summer time.
When the snow is snowin'
And it's murky overhead,
O it's nice to get up in the mornin',
But it's nicer to lie in bed.

VIVE LE COMPAGNIE

Here's to old 'Varsity, pledge her in rhyme,
Vive la compagnie.
For we're all out tonight for a jolly good
time,
Vive la compagnie.

Chorus.

Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'amour,
Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'amour,
Vive l'amour.
Vive l'amour.
Vive la compagnie.

Here's to the governors, all in a row,
Vive la compagnie.
But what they are good for, I really don't
know,
Vive la compagnie.

The professors come next, and they're not a
bad lot;
There are some that are good, and there's
some that are not.

Here's to the Freshman of brazen sixteen,
With his seraphic phiz and his innocent
green.

Here's to ourselves, we're the best of the
crowd,
We're too modest to mention our praises
out loud.

Here's to exams—let's forget them a while—
We've warbled our ditty, we close with a
smile.

29

RIDING DOWN FROM BANGOR

Riding down from Bangor
On an eastern train,
After weeks of hunting
In the woods of Maine.
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, mustache as well,
Sat a student fellow,
Tall and slim and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side,
Into quiet village,
Eastern train did glide.
Enter aged couple,
Take the hindmost seat,
Enter village maiden,
Beautiful, petite.

Blushingly she faltered,
"Is this seat engaged?"
Sees the aged couple,
Properly enraged.
Student's quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket through,
Thinks of the long tunnel,
Thinks what he will do.

Pleasantly they chatted,
How the cinders fly!
Till the student fellow
Gets one in the eye.
Maiden, sympathetic,
Turns herself about,
"May I, if you please, sir,
Try to get it out?"

Then the student fellow,
Feels a gentle touch,
Hears a gentle murmur,
"Does it hurt you much?"
Whiz! slap! bang!
Into the tunnel quite,
Into glorious darkness,
Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight
Glides that eastern train,
Student's hair is ruffled
Just the merest grain.
Maiden seems all blushes,
When then and there appeared
A tiny little ear-ring
In that horrid student's beard.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
 And there my dear love sits him down, sits
 him down,
 And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
 And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus:

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee.
 Do not let this parting grieve thee,
 And remember that the best of friends
 must part, must part.
 Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
 I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
 And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
 Each Friday night they used to spark, used
 to spark,
 And now my love, once true to me,
 Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The bells of St. Mary's
 Ah, hear they are calling
 The young loves, the true loves,
 Who come from the sea.
 And so, my beloved,
 When red leaves are falling,
 The love-bells shall ring out,
 Ring out for you and me.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette je te plumerai,
 Alouette, gentille Alouette je te plumerai,
 Je te plumerai la tete, je te plumerai la
 tete, et la tete, et la tete.

O Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette je te
 plumerai.

O Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette je te
 plumerai.

Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
 Et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete.

(As above, one line is added to each suc-
 ceeding verse.)

3. Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le
 nez.

4. Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le
 dos.

5. Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai
 les pattes.

6. Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le
 cou.

33

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing
 And a white moon beams;
 There's a long, long night of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true,
 Till the day when I'll be going
 Down that long, long trail with you.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Beautiful dreamer; wake unto me,
 Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee,
 Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
 Lulled by the moonlight have all passed
 away!

Beautiful dreamer; queen of my song,
 List while I woo thee with soft melody;
 Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
 Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer wake unto me!

OH! SUSANNA

I came from Alabama
 With my banjo on my knee,
 I'm goin' to Lou'siana,
 My true love for to see.
 It rained all night the day I left,
 The weather it was dry,
 The sun so hot I froze to death,
 Susanna don't you cry.

Refrain:

Oh! Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me,
 For I'm going to Lou'siana with my banjo
 on my knee.
 I had a dream the other night,
 When everything was still;
 I thought I saw Susanna
 A-coming down the hill,
 The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
 The tear was in her eye;
 Says I, I'm coming from the south,
 Susanna don't you cry.

JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
 D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
 D'ye ken John Peel when he's far away?
 With his hounds and his horn in the
 morning?

Chorus:

'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from
my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times
led,
For Peel's view halloo would waken the
dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

37

SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store on Chatham Street,
That's where you'll buy your coats and
vests,
And everything that's neat;
I've second-handed ulsterettes,
And everything that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me,
At a hundred and forty-nine.

O Solomon Levi! Levi! tra-la-la-la!
Poor Sheeny Levi, tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!
My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store on Chatham Street;
That's where you'll buy your coats and
vests,
And ev'rything else that's neat;
Second-handed ulsterettes,
And everything else that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me,
At a hundred and forty-nine.

And if a bummer comes along,
At my store on Chatham Street,
And tries to hang me up for coats and
vests so very neat;
I kicks the bummer right out of my store,
On him sets my pup,
For I won't sell clothing to any man
Who tries to set me up.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a
mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter
Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my
darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever, drefful
sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy and her shoes
were number nine,
Herring-boxes without topses sandals, were
for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, every
morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into
the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles
soft and fine;
Alas, for me I was no swimmer, so I lost
my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon, where
the myrtle doth entwine;
There grow roses and other posies, fertil-
ized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to
peak and pine;
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed
in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's
dead I'll draw the line.

MARY HAD A WILLIAM GOAT

Mary had a William goat, William goat,
 William goat,
 Mary had a William goat; its stomach was
 lined with——

Chorus:

Whoop de doodle, doodle do, doodle do,
 doodle do;
 Whoop de doodle, doodle do; its stomach
 was lined with zinc.
 It followed her to school one day, school
 one day, school one day;
 It followed her to school one day, and
 swallowed a bottle of——

Chorus:

Whoop de doodle, doodle do, doodle do,
 doodle do;
 Whoop de doodle, doodle do, and swallowed
 a bottle of ink.
 He dined on nails and carpet tacks,
 And relished old hoop—skirts.
 One day he ate an oyster can,
 And a clothes line full of—shirts.
 The shirts can do no harm inside,
 But the oyster—can.
 The can was filled with dynamite,
 Which Billie thought was—cheese.
 The cheese could do no harm inside,
 But the dyna—mite.
 A sudden flash of girl and goat,
 And Billy no more was—seen.

(Slowly and sadly.)

Mary's soul to heaven went, to heaven went,
Mary's soul to heaven went, but Bill's went
to—— (fast.)

Whoop de doodle, doodle do, doodle do,
doodle do;

Whoop de doodle, doodle do, and Billy's
went to heaven too.

40

HE'S A DAISY

He's a daisy, he's a daisy,

He's a daisy just now,

Just now he's a daisy,

He's a daisy just now.

See him smiling, see him smiling,

See him smiling just now.

Just now see him smiling,

See him smiling just now.

41

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky
home,

'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the
bloom,

While the birds make music all the day;

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,

All merry, all happy and bright,

By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at
the door,

Then my Old Kentucky home, good night.

Weep no more, my lady,

Oh weep no more today;

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky
home,

For the old Kentucky home, far away.

SUWANEE RIVER

Way down upon the Suwanee ribber, far,
far away,

Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation, sadly
I roam,

Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad and dreary,

Eb'rywhere I roam,

Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young
and gay,

Gone are the friends from the cotton fields
away,

Gone from this earth to a better land I
know,

I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black
Joe."

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming,

For my head is bending low,

I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black
Joe."

POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

1. I went down south to see my Sal,
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all de day;

My Sal she am a spunky gal,

Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all de day.

Chorus:

Farewell, farewell, farewell my fairy fay,
I'm off to Louisiana

To see Susianna,

Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all de day.

2. I came to a river and I couldn't get
across,
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all de day;
I jumped on a nigger and took him for a
"hoss,"
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all de day.
Chorus

3. A grasshopper sitting on a railroad track,
Pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack.
Chorus

4. Behin' de barn down on my knees,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.
Chorus

5. He sneezed so hard wid de whoopin'
cough
That he sneezed his head and his tail
right off.
Chorus

45

SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear
drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see;
And the smiles that fill my life with sun-
shine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

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GOODNIGHT, LADIES

Goodnight, ladies! Goodnight, ladies! Good-
night, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

OLDS GAZETTE PRINT